

BOIES ON THE SITUATION

Graphic Description of the Woes of the Agriculturists.

ARE BUNCOED AT EVERY TURN

GOLD FOR THE RICH, BUT SILVER FOR THE POOR.

Adoption of the Gold Standard Means That the People in Free America Will Soon Be Reduced to the Bondage of Foreign Countries—An Aristocracy of Wealth on One Hand and a Democracy of Poverty on the Other.

WATERLOO, Ia., Aug. 29.—A large crowd gathered in the East Side Park in this city this evening to listen to ex-Governor Horace Boies open the campaign in behalf of the Democratic party.

F. E. Pollans, Democratic candidate for county attorney, presided, and after making a short speech, presented the ex-governor.

In opening his address, Mr. Boies said that the subject which called the meeting together was one which overshadowed every other since the great war. It is a subject, he continued, which interests in the same way all classes of people. The leaders of the Democratic party are denounced for the alleged attempt to appeal to class Mr. McKinley has taken the pains to advise that an appeal has been made to the masses and an attempt made to divide the country on the silver issue. By the very nature of things there must be classes. The speaker then said that we

ARE AFFECTED DIFFERENTLY by the money question. The man whose wealth is money, naturally wants the gold standard for that makes his money more valuable, but the man who produces what must be sold for money will, if he understands it, favor bimetalism, cheaper money; money which they call, if you please, "depreciated currency" is the best for the people, because it tends to raise the price of products.

"I said some time ago to a reporter for a New York paper," continued the speaker, "that the condition of the western farmer is desperate; that the prices of the products of the farm are so low that if a man was given the use of the land and was required to furnish the capital to run it, could get no other kind of work, keep up the repairs and pay the taxes, and to do this had to sell the products of the farm for present prices he would find himself

WITHOUT A DOLLAR LEFT at the end of the year. I said that, and now I find certain New York capitalists declaring that a greater amount of falsehood was never included in the same amount of language. Now I did not make that statement upon my own experience alone, but several years ago I made inquiry of over 100 Iowa farmers of the cost of raising one bushel of corn. They sent him reports and from them he found that it cost 28 cents per bushel to raise corn in Iowa.

"Today in over one-half of the states corn is selling for 15 cents per bushel. The eastern capitalists may have heard of instances where farmers have sold for increased prices during the past five years. That is true, but farmers have not sold for higher prices since the repeal of the Sherman act. They will not sell for higher prices as long as one can sell for 15 cents per bushel and corn for 14 cents."

The speaker then took up the question of prices and said it was all a question of prices.

A QUESTION OF PRICES. The honor of the country was involved, for the reason that the government obligations were payable in coin, the gold standard was to be paid in gold alone. With the gold standard prices depreciated. The speaker said that, compared with the value of the product of labor, one dollar in silver bullion would buy as much as it would in 1873, while a dollar in gold bullion would purchase twice what it would then. What was the result? He showed that while gold had doubled in value, silver had remained the same as it was in 1873. It is the man who must borrow who has been wronged.

CRUELLY WRONGED. One-half of his money has been taken away, while the money of the money lender has been doubled in value. The speaker said that he approached the platform with fear and trembling because of the claims that certain statesmen have made in regard to the gold standard, but he accepted it because it seemed to be the only way in which the friends of free silver could argue. If it resulted in silver monometallism, congress could remedy it.

"If we wait, as the Republicans ask us to, until we get the consent of the other nations to free coinage, we will fasten the gold standard upon the necks of our people for all time to come."

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, Aug. 29.—The ministers are resting from their labors, and their work will not follow them till the recess campaign begins. Mr. A. J. Balfour seems fated to be the first member of the cabinet to open the campaign by appearing before his Manchester constituents.

Prior thereto, he will visit Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. His visit will begin tomorrow, and he will remain with Mr. Gladstone for several days. Considerable interest pertains to the meeting, and everybody is asking why the conservative leader should thus come out and be received by the statesman who is still regarded as a sort of spiritual head of liberalism. Mr. Balfour's friends assert that both statesmen have much in common in their range of studies apart from politics, and can certainly point to the fact that Mr. Gladstone has received Mr. Balfour at Hawarden once already, after the election of 1892, when Mr. Gladstone was more likely to be the subject of their discussion than politics. But Mr. Balfour has become leader of the house, since, with it policy on education which he already has asked Mr. Gladstone to support publicly, knowing his sympathies with it privately. The conference, in well informed circles, is believed to refer to how far Mr. Gladstone will give his open support

to the government proposals in aid of sectarian education. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of state for the colonies, prior to his departure for America, appointed Mr. William Conyngham Greene, now secretary of legation at Teheran, special agent.

TO REPRESENT GREAT BRITAIN at Pretoria. There is special significance in this step. The new envoy will have direct relations with the consular office, instead of acting through the high commissioner of the Cape, and will have a salary, it is said, of £1,500 per annum, paid from the imperial exchequer. Recognition of such a minister is a kind of recognition of the independence of the Transvaal, and is obviously designed to conciliate the Boers.

The British agent, Close, at Pretoria, proving himself a better man than his predecessor Sir Jacobus De Wet, sends such details of Boer armaments as imply that they mean a prolonged campaign in South Africa, until the British government adopts the plan of sending gradual reinforcements, the Boers will strike at once. Probably within the year, the matter will be settled by British recognition of the Transvaal as an independent power.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes proposes arriving in London about the middle of December. The house of commons committee on South Africa will meet until parliament resumes in January. But there will be a crisis meeting of the chambered company before parliament opens and Rhodes must be present.

LONDON CLUBLAND is at present a desert. The Carlton, the Reform, the Conservative, the Travellers, with the various other clubs, are closed. Those of their members who remain "in town" and choose to show themselves in clubland find accommodation in kindred clubs that are thrown open to them.

Before the convention meets a final attempt will be made to give unity to the nationalists by making Mr. Sexton chairman in room of Mr. Dillon who is the special object of Mr. Healy's detestation. Mr. Dillon is ready to resign, but is doubtful whether Mr. Healy will accept the compromise. Since the death of his mother Lady Wilde, the health of Oscar Wilde has broken down. There appears to have been deep affection between them. The home secretary recently decided there should be no resumption of the sentence. That decision is now under revision, and Wilde's release is probable about October.

MILLAR'S DEATH. The death of Sir John Millar imposes a somewhat difficult duty upon the royal academy in the selection of a successor. The choice would probably fall on Mr. Watts but that he is aged and somewhat of a recluse, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones' voluntary resignation from the academy excludes another who might have been regarded as a suitable nominee. The position is one requiring a many-sided man. The president of the academy must be not only an artist of unquestionable attainments, but a man of the world and a man of business—lucid, free from crochets and able to manage a body of men by no means all possessing the qualifications demanded in their chief. The election will not be hurried, as it is not likely to take place before November and in the meantime rumor will be busy. At present the choice seems to rest between Messrs. Alma Tadema, Elsie, Richardson, Poynter and Prinsep; but nothing is known with any certainty.

THE RUNNER. Tommy Connell, the champion mile runner of the United States will contest his first race against F. E. Bacon, the English professional runner, on October 3, at Ballydooley, a suburb of Dublin. Connell is in fine condition. He is training for his coming races under A. C. Dowling, president of the Suffolk Athletic club of Boston, Mass. Miss Clara Barton, president of the American Red Cross society and her party of aides will sail from Liverpool for New York on the steamer Servia on September 1. The four expeditions sent out by the Red Cross society covered the distressed territory between the Mediterranean and the Black sea, visiting about 300 villages and furnishing permanent relief to probably 200 persons in the form of materials, implements, cattle, horses, and mules. The agent of the Red Cross society often purchased cattle from the Kurds, who never made any raids after being visited by representatives of the society. Everything was simply loaned to the peasants and each article so loaned bears the red cross stamp, so it could be recovered if it should be stolen by the Kurds.

MISS BARTON directed the work of her agents from Constantinople. Sir Philip Currie, the British ambassador, and all of the ministers called upon Miss Barton, who is held in the highest esteem in Turkey. Miss Barton has received the decoration of the twelfth century, but has not heard of the decoration conferred upon her by the sultan. An interesting scene occurred at Buda Pesth, where Miss Barton stopped on her way back to London. A hundred Turks who are employed at the exhibition now in progress at that place, learning that Miss Barton was in the city sought her out and crowded about her and kissed her hand and raised it to their forehead. These manifestations make her stay in London very quiet. Miss Barton is receiving a great deal of attention.

REPRODUCED IN OREGON. The Red Sea Miracle Often Seen in Link River. It is a well known fact that at certain times of the year Link river, a stream a mile and a quarter long, which connects the great water systems above and below this point, breaks up into two, one flowing into the falls express. This state of affairs, however, lasts, as a rule, but a few hours, during which time people have been known to walk across the river, and feet wide, without getting their feet wet. The bottom of the river has been dug out in many places by the action of the water, forming large potholes, and when the river becomes dry the water in the river is left stranded. At such times it is a common occurrence to see men and boys knocking the fish on the head with clubs, and in this way secure many a good meal.

There are many traditions regarding this phenomenon among the Indians here, but the real cause of the low water in the river is the action of the wind. The course of the stream is southeast, and the high winds which prevail in the spring and fall are from the south and blow up the river. The wind from the south being strong makes the force of the wind being small back in the big lake, causing the river to become very low.

THE POLE ATTRACTS. The Boston girl has reasons for all her freckling acts. Because, from her researches, she knows the pole attracts. —Truth.

THEIR FACES MIXED.

BRYAN'S HAIR AND MCKINLEY'S FEATURES DO NOT CHIME—SOME ODD COMBINATIONS—NO MATTER HOW THEIR FACES ARE DIVIDED AND PUT TOGETHER THE RESULT IS UNSATISFACTORY.

Some of the campaign pictures of William McKinley and William Jennings Bryan which are floating about the country make them look strangely alike. It would seem as if the persons who were responsible for these portraits had jumbled the features of the two candidates for the particular purpose of being in a position to furnish portraits of either Bryan or McKinley at a moment's notice. By simply running the pictures through a small black type, the portraits are ready to be thrust before the gaze of the public. If the portraits are not convincing the printed name leaves not the shadow of a doubt as to the identity of the candidate and few kicks are heard.

The one source of trouble in creating these pictures seems to be the difference in the hair of the two gentlemen. Mr. Bryan has a plentiful crop, curly and heavy, which sweeps out at the sides and the back and waves high in the air on the top. Mr. McKinley's hair is of slender calibre, particularly on the top of the head. Moreover it is always brushed smoothly; whereas Mr. Bryan's hair looks as if he made a practice of running his fingers through

tophead in front of Mr. Bryan. This indicates benevolence, and while no one has accused Major McKinley of being the reverse, his head does not indicate this quality.

The second fault found with Mr. Bryan bears some relation to his lack of self-esteem. There is a deficiency in the region of the crown running downward and backward which signifies a lack of continuity, or of steadiness and patience in the application of his mind. This quality, it is figured, would make him a cooler and clearer reasoner, depending more upon plain logic than impassioned oratory in presenting anything for the consideration of others.

McKinley is credited with the bump of continuity, hence a strong belief in the value of data, planning everything as an engineer studies his plans and principles of construction. Without going into the details of the bumps and depressions in the major's head, it shows him to be possessed of the qualities of steadfastness, dignity, veneration, directness, persistency almost to the point of doggedness, justice and courage.

The phrenologists say that Bryan is the more lovable man of the two, having qualities which appeal more strongly to the average person. He is credited with great life-power, vigor, aggressive force, is earnest and ardent, with an abundance of enthusiasm, is sympathetic and has adaptability, being at ease with all kinds of people and making them feel the same.

In one of the accompanying pictures a diagonal line is drawn from the mouth to a point just below the crown of the head. In this picture the upper half of the face and head is Bryan's and the lower McKinley's, and in the other picture these are reversed, making two entirely different men, and neither of them forming even a faint likeness of the candidates. This shows plainly the dissimilarity in feature of the two men.

Another picture shows Bryan's hair and McKinley's face, and its companion presents the reverse of this combination, and again there is an absence of a likeness. In the other group, where two-thirds of one candidate's face is shown with one-third of his rival's, the result is better, although on the whole it can be seen that like McKinley and Bryan don't chime.

Small onion should then be sliced and fried with an ounce of butter and sprinkled with pepper and salt. The slices when browned should be added to the soup, which must then be strained again.

FISH PUDDING. Take some cold fish, separate it from the skin and bones, cut it into very small pieces, mix it with a little oil, butter and white pepper, beat three eggs to a froth with half a pint of milk, and mix it with the fish. Butter the dish, pour the mixture in, bake gently for an hour. The change of seasoning, especially if it be of a pungent character, greatly alters the taste of the fish.

BIRDS AS SEED CARRIERS. Two centuries ago the Dutch destroyed every nutmeg tree in the Moluccas in order to enjoy a monopoly of the business, having planted the trees in their own possessions. In spite of their most earnest efforts, however, the islands were being constantly restocked. For a long time the thing was a mystery, but at length it was solved.

The seeds of that quarter of the world are of large size and readily swallow the seed of a nutmeg, with the fruit of which they traverse wide stretches of sea and land in a few hours and deposit the seeds of the nutmeg not only unharmed, but better fitted for germination by the heat and moisture of the bird's system.

Seasonable Savories. Pickled Walnuts or Butternuts. Now is the time to think of pickling walnuts or butternuts. It is a favorite savory, and there is a marked difference between the bought and home-made to the credit of the latter. Be careful to secure the nuts when they are young, before they harden and become woody. Prick them all over with a knitting needle, holding the walnut on the prong of a fork, to avoid staining the hands. Next make a strong brine consisting of four pounds of salt to a gallon of water. Drop the nuts in this and allow them to remain there for not less than a week. Then drain them off, lay on dishes or trays and place them in the sun for two or three days till they become black. Next pack the nuts in clean, dry jars, being careful not to fill them even with the brine.

Roll for about ten minutes, then pour the liquor (while hot) over the nuts. When cold, cork and seal. The pickle will be ready for use in three weeks and will keep almost any length of time.

PICKLED ONIONS should be made about the end of August. The following is a very simple recipe and furnishes a delicious savory: Secure some pickling onions. Take off the outside skin with the fingers, then peel with a silver knife; on no account use a steel one, for after all your trouble (for it is a painful job) instead of having onions of a nice yellow color after they are pickled, they will have turned black. Have ready some clean, dry jars or pickle bottles and as you peel the onions drop them in. Pour over enough cold vinegar to cover them, and allow a large teaspoonful of allspice to each pint of vinegar. The spice should be tied up in a piece of muslin, and placed in the center of the jar. Should the jars hold under or over a pint it will be quite easy for you to regulate the amount of spice. Cork and seal. Keep in a dry place; they will be ready for use in ten days or a fortnight. This pickle will keep well for six months, but after that the onions gradually lose their crispness.

VEGETARIAN BEEF TEA. The following recipe is said to make a very savory beverage, and by vegetarians is regarded to be "vastly superior in sustaining properties" to beef tea made from meat.

Half a pound of haricot beans should be washed and put to stew in an earthenware jar containing a quart of hot water. Half a small onion should be added, and the ingredients must simmer steadily for three hours when about a pint and a half of liquid will remain. The meaty part of the beans must not be allowed to break into the liquid and the beans must be strained when the mixture is removed from the fire. The remaining half of the

Well, Barker, said I. "I am not an extraordinarily smart man, but if yielding at them makes them move I can fix you."

"How?" said Barker. "Carry a phonograph," said I. Barker stood for a few moments in profound meditation. Then he slipped me on the back with every appearance of great enthusiasm.

"Barker," said he, "you're an inventive genius. Now here I've been puzzling my brains for a month about this thing, and couldn't hit on a simple little scheme like that. I'll go and get a phonograph right away."

"There's one thing about it, Barker," said I, "and that is that phonographs cost a good deal of money."

"What do I care for that?" said he. "I had rather pay a hundred dollars than be constantly in danger from those reckless people."

One or two evenings after this I was crossing Howard avenue when I heard a voice—Barker's voice, but with an unfamiliar nasal twang about it—hallooing at me: "Look out there!"

"What?" I started. "There was an unconscious about it—a weird and unnatural emphasis. It was a voice pregnant with the ring of authority, and as I stepped quickly to one side, there shot by me a vision of a good-looking, swarthy and cycling cap with which I was pretty well acquainted. So he actually rigged up his wheel with a phonograph. Daring into a nearby bicycle agency I hired a wheel in feverish haste, and sped up the avenue in pursuit of the fleeting figure in gray. In the dim distance I could hear the clatter of the flash light as it sped over the asphalt and with the speed of the wind, the space between us lessened and I began to catch the melody of shouts that were pouring forth from the vicinity of Barker's handle bars. He had evidently loaded it with a variety of expressions suitable for all sorts of emergencies, and the thing was spitting them out with an intelligence that bordered on the marvelous.

"Would you be so kind, miss," it said with the accent of a Chesterfield, "as to step aside, please, and let me pass?"

And the woman smiled at Barker, and thought he was such a paltry young fellow that she rode rods further on a small boy darted across the street beneath the flickering rays of the electric light. "Hi, there," yelled the phonograph, "a move on you, now, or you'll be where you're going to be!" Barker was being pursued by a lunatic and fled down a side street.

"Barker," said I solemnly, pushing my way up alongside of him, "it was a tremendous effort, you had better take that thing off."

"Why, how do you do?" said he, "take it off? Why?"

"Because I am morally certain," said I, "that it's a violation of ordinance No. 5,666. If one of those mounted policemen comes along and that thing howls at him you'll go to jail."

But Barker evidently thought that was all nonsense. He didn't care if it violated the whole council series from A to Z. He had got hold of an elegant thing, and was going to stick to it, and in quite another manner, also, the mechanism of the phonograph was made to revolve, and it shouted out whatever was in it until the clasp was released. Barker said he had talked into it half a day, and it was now a splendidly well supplied vocabulary.

By the time we got to the club—where we belonged to a club—both of us, Barker was in a state of hilarious delight, and had been so since he had seen the old ladies in town were on the verge of insanity. Of course, all the other fellows in the club had to learn about it, and Barker pushed his vocabulary into the hands of all the members of the club, and made the phonograph curse them, and all their relatives to the tenth generation, which seemed to afford them the most unbounded satisfaction.

It was a fitting conclusion to the evening's entertainment we all went up stairs, and I regret to say that Barker, after placing the phonograph got as fully on a table beside him, got as

BARKER'S BICYCLE.

Barker is an old friend of mine, and this story is not told with any malicious intention. Not for the world would I do anything to rupture the bond of friendship which has existed between us for many years.

I have had a talk with Barker about it anyway, and he says he doesn't mind provided I handle the thing in a neat and intelligent way, and do not exaggerate, which I shall certainly be very careful not to do.

Barker is employed in a bank during the day. He has never made it very clear to me just what the nature of his occupation is in that institution, but he can be seen at any time between the hours of 10 and 3 seated on a high stool and waving a long black ruler. I am informed that he uses the ruler in a while to draw lines with, and even cuts down an occasional figure in a large book that is always open in front of him; but this is only hearsay, and as I have promised to confine this narrative strictly to facts I would rather not make any positive statement about it.

But while it may be well to give some short insight into the nature of Barker's daily pursuits and the general tenor of his existence, it is by no means essential to the full comprehension of the events with which this story has to deal, as the scene is laid entirely after the set of the sun, at which time Barker ceases to be an ordinary individual and becomes a bicycle fiend of the most desperate description. As a matter of fact it is entirely probable that such would have been his habitual condition at all hours, if he had not found it necessary for financial reasons to waste his talents part of the time in a bank.

Barker's bicycle is a machine of the most approved pattern and equipped with all the latest appliances for securing speed, safety and grace. There was one point, however, on which he experienced great annoyance. He could never find a device which would exert a sufficient braking power when he desired, and make them jump out of his way in as lively a manner as he would like.

"A bell didn't work a cent, you know," he would say to me. "People are getting so used to hearing them that they don't pay any attention to them. I ran over three little boys, a dog and an old lady last week, and it's getting to be a nuisance."

"I thought it was, and that I had no doubt the three little boys, the dog and the old lady also thought so. It's an outrage," said Barker, "when a man can't go along the street without being tripped over by people who don't look where they are going. There ought to be a law against it. Now what I want on my bicycle is a device that will stop it when people who go rushing around the streets at night that they don't own the whole town."

"I don't mind telling you, though," added Barker, "that I will take a pretty smart man to invent something that will fill the bill. You see, it has got to be something out of the ordinary run. The only way to make them move now is to yell at them, and there's too much work about that."

"Well, Barker," said I. "I am not an extraordinarily smart man, but if yielding at them makes them move I can fix you."

"How?" said Barker. "Carry a phonograph," said I. Barker stood for a few moments in profound meditation. Then he slipped me on the back with every appearance of great enthusiasm.

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It was a fitting conclusion to the evening's entertainment we all went up stairs, and I regret to say that Barker, after placing the phonograph got as fully on a table beside him, got as

drunk as a lord and talked and sang and shouted in a very scandalous and disgraceful way.

After that I was all over I took him home and put him to bed, and while doing this he informed me in a maudlin and disconnected way that he was going out riding the next evening with the two Cutters, one of the directors in the bank, and he wished I would drop around and ride with the big one, so he could talk to the little one. He said that he was only a friend and that he loved the little one. He did not love her in any ordinary way, either; but in a way in which no one ever has loved before.

Now I have before me a friend of mine, and as a matter of course it was only common charity to help him out in a case like that. So I gave him a little of good advice about how to do for his head in the morning, which he received with very bad grace, and promised to be in the neighborhood of old Cutler's the next evening without fail.

I was a little late getting off and had hardly got within sight of the house on the following night when I met the two girls and Barker coming towards me. The little one was riding a high priced, and was particularly jolly when they met me. I wanted to ask him about the photograph, but hesitated to do so. He immediately mentioned the matter himself, however, and explained that the youngest Miss Cutter was infatuated with the thing, and had insisted in having it put on her bicycle, and that there were all anxiously awaiting something for the next morning, and that Barker had represented to them that the whole thing was his own idea, and that he had declared that he was wonderfully ingenious.

We had soon about three blocks, Barker and "the little one" being in front, and the elder Miss Cutter and myself in the rear, when a man tried to cross the street in front of us. "Hoory! gimme an another drink!" said the phonograph in a ghastly counterfeit of Barker's voice.

The man gazed at us in astonishment and fell into the gutter; Barker's machine wobbled violently, and he cried out that his nerve had crumbled, while I felt a shiver along my own spine as I took in the situation.

"He's a gold-bug," was hanging down her—"B-b-b-his-back!" sang the wretched instrument in Barker's well known treble. Evidently "the little one" couldn't loosen the clamp. Drops of sweat were on Barker's brow and he tried to turn it off as a joke.

"Funny, ain't it?" said he; "never can tell what it will say."

"You're a liar," said Barker, the phonograph. "Come 'long now, and pass the wheel."

I could see "the little one" turn pale, and the elder Miss Cutter looked daggers at Barker.

"Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, wow, wow, whoopee!" said the phonograph. "Shay," it continued in a confidential whisper, "I'll make on the—hic—prettiest—hic—girl—"

"Take it off!" growled Barker, making a lunge at the instrument, but his equilibrium was gone, and he fell in an ignominious heap on the pavement.

"Ho! ho! you're drunk!" shrieked the machine, derisively, as we darted on and left him.

"Mr. Barker," said the elder Miss Cutter, dismounting, and pointing imperiously in the direction of her sister's wheel, "take that thing off!"

I obeyed her with the utmost alacrity, and cast it to the back spot where its owner was reposing.

"Now," said the elder Miss Cutter, "take us home, sir."

And so I did, and when old man Cutter looked at me in an inquiring way over the tops of his glasses I felt as guilty as a man who had robbed a bank and strangled the janitor.

They didn't mind me, however, so I went off to hunt up Barker. I found him sitting on the curbstone pounding at something with a brick.

"What's that?" said I.

"I never saw a man who could ask so many foolish questions," said he sulkily, and then he climbed upon his bicycle and rode away; and now I understand that the board of directors have become economists and cut down his salary.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NOT TO BE WONDERED AT. "That woman has a great future on the stage, hasn't she?"

"I shouldn't wonder. They say she has a good past."—New York Press.

"Pass," asked Tommy, "what is a bicycle meet?"

"More any old pedestrian is likely to be bicycled if he can't look two ways at once."—Mr. Figg—Indianapolis Journal.

When women serve regularly as jurors of course they will be required to take oath that they will permit the lawyers to do the talking.—Chicago Post.

He—"Miss Updegrave's bicycle riding is a pretty good, isn't it?"

Her Rival—"Loud! I should say it was. Every time she passes a vacant barn by the roadside her bloomers create an echo."—Buffalo Express.

Miss Helress (passionately)—"How much do you love me, dearest?"

Mr. Fortune Hunter—"I love you, my darling, for all you are worth."—London Tit Bits.

Mrs. Grumpy—"Why do nearly all the people cry at weddings?"

Grumpy—"Because most of them have been married themselves."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Elmore—"I wonder how many stars that new organ of De Smyth's has got?"

Elmore—"Only three, I should judge. One for each meal."—Buffalo Times.

A man never needs a vacation half as much as when he has just returned from one, and he needs it more on his first day's work.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Clara wanted very much to go out in the yard to play. Her big sister said to her: "You mustn't go in the yard. Don't you see that rooster cove out there? What do you suppose she would do with her horns if you went close to her?"